

# THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

NICHOLAS B. KLAINE, - Editor

## IF SHE COULD ONLY COOK.

You have not changed, my Geraldine;  
Your voice is just as sweet and low;  
You are as fairy-like in mien,  
As four and twenty months ago.  
Since Hymen tied the fatal knot  
I've basked within your glance's beam;  
Your beauty has not dimmed a jot,  
You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love  
And beauty of the first degree;  
I'd do with less than that, my dove—  
I'm much more moderate than he.  
The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,  
The witchery of tone and look,  
I would forego to some extent,  
My Geraldine—if you could cook!  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## MRS. LINCOLN'S HALLUCINATIONS.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is not sick, in spite of paragraphs in one thousand newspapers of the country. She is peculiar, mentally a little "off," "hysterics," other old ladies call her complaint. But her pursuit of happiness is hardly more eccentric now than much of the time during her entire widowhood. How is she, really? Well, she took a carriage ride of several miles the other day, returning to her home with a healthful glow upon her cheek. She wants to go again; and, if this want doesn't wear out, it will be humored often. She said it was the best ride she'd had for a long time. And, sure enough, it was, for she had only just let herself out from continuous, self-inflicted confinement in an upper room during six months and more. Not even the kindest sisterly entreaty could persuade her feet to cross the chamber threshold till one morning early she descended the stairs, attired in pink silk and French laces, and scolded her servant for not having breakfast ready. "A pretty hotel," said she, scornfully, "to keep guests waiting for meals until after train time." Of course, the kitchen maid went nearly daff herself at sight of this "guest," and ran to apprise her mistress that Mrs. Lincoln had turned over a new leaf; and, sure enough, on returning to the kitchen, the maid found that this strange "guest" had no thought of taking the "train" on an empty stomach, but had turned the steak in the broiler, and was removing the jackets from the boiled potatoes with all the housewifely skill of her early days.

Mrs. Lincoln came to this city to reside soon after her return from Europe, in October last. She is most considerably cared for, and all her harmless weaknesses humored in the family of Hon. N. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards being her sister. She arrived in November, and, during the following holiday season, she shut herself up in her room, mourning the extravagance of the times, and chiding those about her who displayed gifts of jewelry and the like. And then she stayed, like a veritable silk-worm, in its self woven cocoon, till the late morning adventure, as above narrated. What did she do there all that time? Principally, she overhauled her many trunks, complained that she was very sick, and ate full meals of substantial food three times a day. She reconciled ill-health and hearty eating by insisting, to the few friends whom she admitted, that her malady was a very peculiar one, compelling her to consume large quantities of food. She would rise from a repast of roast beef, coffee, etc., and very dejectedly inform her attendant, or visitor, that in all human probability she should not see the light of another day; and often, in literal verification of her prophecy, she would close the window-shutters, increase the opaqueness of the curtains by pinning up shawls or quilts, and light a plain tallow candle. She rejects the use of gas as of the devil. Asked to specify where she felt bad in body, she would reply, sometimes, "I'm on fire, burning up; just feel of me, and see how hot I am!" At the same time her temperature would appear perfectly normal for a lady above sixty years of age. At other times she would insist that she was "being all hacked to pieces by knives; just feel that gash in my shoulder; don't think I can stand such wounding long, do you?" Yet tender and commiserating friends assured her that there was no trace of either blood or scar.

It is the vagaries of a diseased mind in one eminently related to the tragic period in American history, upon which the gossips have laid hold and woven the thousand-and-one stories of Mrs. Lincoln's probable death from day to day. Of course, these stories have constantly come back to her Springfield friends with a good deal of surprise; and they were the source of no little annoyance, until one day in the latter part of January her sister, with the view of securing her indignant denials of these fabricated funeral bulletins, carried her a handful of such clippings—a chapter of lamentations from the press of the country. Mrs. Lincoln read them slowly through, and her face lighted up. So far from appearing indignant, she was delighted to find herself once more filling so large a spot in public observation. She laughed and capered about in great glee. And in the hope that the public grief might prove a private tonic, the reports of impending dissolution were allowed to multiply and have free flow in press currents and all dispatches and comments of sympathy were gathered with the diligence of a stamp-collector or autograph-hunter and carried to the cloister of the strange patient; even the heaps of "exchanges" in the local newspaper offices were made to "minister to a mind diseased." Only it is now doubtful if all this humoring of the morbid thirst for glory has not helped to detain Mrs. Lincoln thus long in retirement. Many will remember that in those critical "sixties" it used to be one of the bugbears of the press that this lady had a warm side for the Roman Catholic faith; and now it appears that, during much of the period of her late seclusion, the Sisters of Mercy, at her request, have spent much time with her, generally one or more of them passing the night in her room. Her reputed illness has also brought her many letters of condolence from old friends of herself and husband, and some of congratulation on the appointment of her son to a position in the President's Cabinet. But although she has seemed to take pleasure in those commiserating herself, she has very rarely attempted to reply; once in a while she indicates a quite touching and considerate answer to be penned by some member of her sister's family. And as she has, from time to time, been reported sinking, the autograph fiend has felt inspired to clutch the signature of Death and paste it in his little book. His application has been frequent, and his disappointment has kept it an even tally.

But she has not smiled over congratulation on Robert's honorable account. She sighs and broods upon his official-holding as a new family risk. She often sits and repeats, "Secretary of War? Secretary of War? Then he'll be shot, sure! That's always the way in war." And when told of the shooting of the President she manifested no surprise, but calmly remarked, it is said, "I told you so, good men have to be shot some times; don't you know how the Jews killed Christ?" She has plenty of money, but it is in the hands of a banker here and is zealously guarded by family friends that she may not have it to lose or squander. Of course the wicked, gossiping busybodies say that this friendly zeal amounts to the personal self-interest of residuary legatees. But that this lone woman of National interest has had more loose rein than under restraint in the use of her funds, her store-house of great trunks packed full would seem to attest to the satisfaction of the average man. There followed her hither from Europe a train of sixty trunks, whose immensity and iron bindings sorely aggravated the men of baggage. Some of these, however, are filled with domestic debris and relics of White House life, and it is a part of the peculiar diagnosis of her case that she has jugged these things about the world with her as the weeds of distinguished widowhood, or amulets against harm. Some of these enskies stand in her room by her special command. And often during her late seclusion, she would pass a forenoon in affectionately inspecting the contents of one of these reservoirs, replacing them in a new order, or she would light upon some worn and torn vestment, then pass an hour in patchwork upon it with as much sincerity as if its wearer were waiting to put it on. These trunks testify to Mrs. Lincoln's penchant for laying up treasures of wearing apparel against her imaginary day of want. It was this trait which, five or six years ago, first convinced

her best friends that she was the victim of serious mental wandering. I happened to be within the holding of the Probate Court of Chicago on the afternoon when she was presented as a candidate for the asylum, much to the astonishment of that city and the country. She was attired in plain mourning black; the full figure of her Washington era had dwindled till she appeared a quite slender lady, whose shriveled face expressed no concern in the doings of the hour. She was gentle, and yielded without a murmur to the sad-faced wishes of her son, and that always firm friend of her great husband, Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, who appeared in court as her counsel. She had then been occupying rooms at a prominent hotel for some time; and I remember that the testimony before the jury of conspicuous citizens ran chiefly to her vast accumulation of unmade dress goods within her rooms, and that she would carry too much money about the streets upon her person, even the sum of \$3,000 being found loosely pinned within the folds of her walking-dress. The court awarded restraint that should be only kind guardianship of her personal safety and her financial interests, and she was led away, amid the tears of many bystanders, and was made at home for a time at a private suburban asylum of high repute.

Mrs. Lincoln's look of health is better now than then; in fact, her general health is good for one of her age, and she promises fairly to reach three score and ten; but her mental strangeness will probably also last as long as her body, though there is no indication of its ever assuming a violent form, and the public may safely leave her in the hands of her Springfield friends, whose love for her is older than that of the Nation at large.—Springfield (Ill.) Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.

## A Horse Which Didn't "Coteh on."

Two or three days ago a colored man drove a horse and wagon up to the passenger depot on Woodward Avenue and asked how long before a train would pass. He was told that he had only eight minutes to wait, and he explained:

"Dis yere hoss am an anamile dat I got hold of dis mawin', an' I want to see how he will stan' de railroad."

The equine had seen about twenty summers, and was as thin as sheet-iron, and there was a general laugh at the idea of his being afraid of anything. Nevertheless, as a Lake Shore train hooted in the distance, the old horse lifted his head, pricked up his ears and evinced considerable animation. As the train came in sight, he began to dance, and the driver held a stiff line and called out:

"Whoa! Napoleon! Dat's only de Lake Sho' Railroad comin' in! Steady, sah—what's de use o' pottin' on style!"

As the train thundered in, the horse reared up and pawed the air, shook off a man who grabbed the bridle, and, wheeling around, he upset the wagon and ditched it, and went up the Pontiac pike with the forward wheels jumping after. The owner was picked up in a dazed condition, more amazed than injured, and when one of the crowd remarked that the horse didn't stand the railroad very well, the man replied:

"Well, I duanno. He 'peared to stan' de railroad all right; but it was dat bulgine an' de kivered kyars which he didn't coteh on to. I spects from de way he acted dat he's bin run ober free or fo' times."—Detroit Free Press.

In a female seminary where they follow the "continental" mode of pronouncing Latin, a young lady was asked how the class in Virgil recited to the professor. "Oh," said she, archly, "we kiss him." "What's that?" said her astonished interlocutor. "Why, we kiss him—by turns." Further inquiry developed the fact that "we kiss him" was the foreign fashion of pronouncing *cicissim*, which, by the way, means in turn.—Philadelphia Record.

People who live remote from the sea shore can make a good artificial clam by rolling a piece of soap in sand and ashes, and eating it when it is about half cool. This is rather better than the real clam, but it will give the inlanders an approximate idea of the original luxury.—Burlington Hawkeye

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—M. Ferdinand Lesseps has been elected President of the Geographical Society of Paris.

—The printing of M. Littré's dictionary lasted from September 27, 1859, to July 4, 1872, and if it had been set up in a single column, would have been more than twenty-three miles long.

—Anna Dickinson's mother is said to be a typical Quakeress, with a peaceful, quiet face, framed with soft silver hair. She is dignified, graceful, and uses "thee" and "thou" in all her conversations.

—The late Dean Stanley, after his return to England from his tour in this country, wrote a letter to a Boston gentleman, Rufus Choate's handwriting was copperplate compared to it. Only two persons, ex-Governor Rice and the Rev. George E. Ellis, were able to decipher it.

—Justice Clifford was indefatigable in his search after truth, and if a case was cited before him which he had not the means of verifying his custom was to purchase the book containing it, even if he was obliged to send to Europe for it. Accordingly he left at his home in Portland a law library of very wide scope and great value.

—The trust fund created by Prof. Tyndall upon his departure from this country has accumulated sufficiently for the purpose to which he devoted it, the assistance of needy American students in physics who should show aptitude for original study and should wish to complete their education in Germany. The fund will now furnish a moderate income to two students.

—A rare American book was found in a collection recently sold in London. It was a copy of the Common Prayer translated into the Mohawk language for the use of the Indians and published at New York in 1715. Few copies of this edition survived the expatriation of the Mohawk tribes to Canada for aiding the British in the War of Independence.

—Prince Bismarck objects to the new fashion of printing German books in Latin characters, as appears from the following letter to a well-known publishing house in Leipzig: "With reference to the letter directed to Prince Bismarck, I beg to return you herewith the pamphlet sent, informing you at the same time that it is contrary to rule to lay before the Chancellor any work or works written in the German language with Latin characters, because the perusal of such would take too much of his Highness's time."

## HUMOROUS.

—Girls do not bang their hair when they are mad.—N. O. Picayune.

—The surf at Newport is now full of diving belles.—Boston Courier.

—The barbers report short crops since the hot weather set in.—Boston Transcript.

—A muzzle over a dog's mouth acts as suspenders to his pants.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

—Student: What is political economy? Running on the same ticket with a very rich man who will pull you through.—Boston Post.

—The hens now sit on the garden fences and weep because vegetation has got too far ahead for them to damage it.—Somerville Journal.

—Barber: "You're very bald, sir! Have you tried our tonic lotion?" Old gentleman: "Oh, yes. But that's not what's made all my hair fall off!"—Punch.

—Somebody has discovered that male flies are smaller than female flies, which explains the superior pestiferousness of large flies and their weakness for bald headed men.—Boston Globe.

—"Mamie," said he, and his voice was singularly low, "will you be my wife? Will you cling to me as the tender vine clings to the—" "Yes, I'll catch on," said she.—Puck.

—Nowadays when we see a young man with his nose split open, and four front teeth gone, we are unable to tell whether he is a professional base ball player or an amateur bicycle rider.—Norristown Herald.

—The man who passes the night with a fan in one hand and a bottle of ammonia in the other knows what 'tis to feel the stings and arrows of the outrageous insects.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.